



Frostbite News

Dateline: Monday--as I take typewriter shakily in hand and reflect on the past 72 hours, it becomes abundantly clear that, sweet violets, that were a regatta!! By latest calculation we broke up 19 boats, two marriages, one engagement, and a Volkswagen. And all on the 50th anniversary of Prohibition. What do you suppose they are going to do for the 100th?

Fifty-six boats came to this bash, one from Toronto, several from Rochester, Ithaca, Illinois, New Jersey, and a couple of guys from Duxbury. And with our usual luck, a week of rain ended and Saturday came in bright and shiny, on a 25-knot northwester. Most of the troops were available for the briefing, and most failed to notice the race committee chairman popping Mylanta because his committee boat was still in the sling at Long Point. Never letting these small inconveniences stand in the way of a potential marine disaster the honorable chairman took to the water in a 20 ft. bass boat to get the show going.

Hardly had they made it on station when it became fairly obvious that the wind was going to be a disturbing element. It became obvious because three boats turned over before anybody got started. Such an inconvenience, all those people in the water. It uses up the crash boats that are supposed to be leading the fleets to their marks. The committee actually had a complaint along those lines that ran, "Hey! I thought you guys were going to give us a guide boat to take us to

the first mark." That was just after some radical in a Finn screamed by and yelled, "Oaf the pigs in the committee boat!" Such gratitude when all we're trying to do is get involved and relate.

Anyhow, the big boat finally arrived with Fearless John Soule, who takes on this shambles every year, risking life and yacht, and we got a race going. It was a Jolly boat race, and of six Jolly boats only two were legitimate starters. Now the committee appreciates the fact that they were on station at the leeward end when it is conventional to be up the other way, but golly, fellas, we thought we were lucky to even be there. And of the two starters there was a question raised if one of them was legit. We should have seen the handwriting on the bulkhead then and quit.

The Finns went off next, and some 420's got moving, and then the IC's had their chance. 26 IC's were registered and probably most of them made it onto the water. At least two went over before they got to the starting area, right in the track of the Jollies and Finns who were having a wonderful time busting gear. The remainder made a really incredible start and it was absolutely magnificent to watch them capsize en masse. At one point we had nine boats over in the water. One person likened it to a New Bedford whaling scene with all these overturned hulks resembling dead whales. One splendid chap in a Galleon had three in tow off his quarter--a very nautical picture, rafting in Duxbury Harbor during the Frostbite Regatta. 17 IC's made it around the track with the first three boats setting the tone for the regatta. Jim Hunt and son in the newest IC in existence, #500, drove in first

with Belknap and Smullins in the line. Clarke led the Finns over and Van Slette the Jollies. It was at this point that one of the matrimonial bonds came undone and one wife, hanging limbo in the trapeze, declared, "I don't care whether you can fetch the line or not, I'm not going to pull another ***** string." A Smalley took the first 420 race and when it later turned out that there were two Smalleys, but one was registered under another name the committee took seriously to celebrating the 50th.

Believing that anybody that drives 600 miles to sail a dinghy ought to have his money's worth the committee set off another round of disasters. In this one a Finn collided with one of his contemporaries and experienced the thrill of seeing a \$175 bendy spar explode before his very eyes, from the impact. Sailing through the body-strewn sea the bigger boats had a great time. John Clark, a 14' sailor of note long before the Finn came of age, remarked on what a splendid regatta it was. "I thought it was great when the race committee disregarded the people in the water to get on with the racing." That sort of summarizes it, doesn't it?

Well anyhow, the IC's limped through one more, the big dinghies got in three and the RC decided that, after watching a 420 blow over, sails slack, simply on its windage, perhaps the wind was a mite brisk. So they sent them home and the chairman, apparently feeling that having been partly responsible for the carnage he ought to help pick up the pieces, set out with his noble assistant from Essex, and spent the next 2 1/2 hours recovering dinghies. Actually, he observed some of the survivors constructing a couple of crosses out of broken spars on the lawn at the Frostdite shack, and he felt it was, perhaps, more prudent to stay out on the water.

In the opinion of the race committee the first day ended with Hunt leading the IC's, Van Slette in the Jollys, Mehl the 420's, and Doherty the Finns. Thereafter, all hands retired to Commodore McCarthy's for rest and recreation, and the fallout from that went on until the clocks changed.

Sunday crept in as a cool easterly that couldn't make up its mind if it was a southern zephyr or a northern stinker, and finally settled on something in between. All members of the race committee, save the most important scorer of this century, made it dockside. During the night the committee boat sprang a leak and required additional pumps to keep her afloat, but all seemed in hand at starting time. So had another go at it. All fleets made three circuits, and would have made more, but for the eagerness of the IC's who were called numerous times and used up all the water. Indicative of the spirit was the fact that there was only one sig-

nificant protest, all others being settled by the burden boat withdrawing. But by that time the race committee couldn't have cared if there had been 50 protests. All hands able to retired to the Winsor for vespers. And so endeth the 1970 version of the Duxbury Spring Dinghy Regatta, a couple of days that will go down in infamy.

INTERCLUBS: Hunt (9 1/2) So. Dartmouth--Arthur Knapp Trophy; Belknap (14) Marblehead; Smullins (16 1/2) Marblehead; McCarthy (26 3/4) Duxbury; Kobal 40, Carr 42, Rockwood 43, Pittenger 48, Sullivan 49 1/2, Cusata 52, Drummey 57, Tosi 60 1/2, Whalen 67 (should dump his crew and take that vision in the see-through foul weather gear instead); Silverman 68 (poor showing despite superior equipment); Haarstick 70, (Ithaca), Creelman 72, Dewire 74, MacArthur 73, Collins 77, McCarty 80.

FINNS: Doherty (11 1/4) USCGA, Clarke (14 1/2) Toronto; Freeman (20 3/4) Ithaca; Conrad 37, Pattison 39, Santroch 45, Pritchard 47, Eberling 51, Van Dusen 52, Pete Diefendorf 52. (This is the class where one member asked another, "Hey, what makes you come to all these regattas when you finish so badly?" And the guy replied, "Have you ever met my

420's: Mehl (7) Scituate; Proctor (20) Scituate; Corwin (20 3/4)

Rye; Smalley (28) Philadelphia; Van Dusen 30 (Ladies, take note, Mary had a baby a month ago..) Smalley 31 3/4, Fraser 32, Manner 43.

JOLLY BOATS: Van Slette (10 1/2), McKim (11 3/4), Townsend (12 1/2), Dahmen (19), Roche (21), Averill (22).

And for a grand finale, the Pierce Bowl, a trophy to be raced for between Scituate and Duxbury is awarded to Paul Drummey, of Duxbury with a combined low score of 128, a scant three points ahead of another Duxbury boat, Dave Pittenger.

● around town

Jim Jones, NYC golf professional, teamed with Dick Fancy of the Christian Science Monitor, to place sixth in the annual Pro-Press tournament held Monday at the Indian Meadow C.C. in Westboro.

Mrs. John Arnold and her children, George, Alison and John enjoyed the school vacation as guests of Mrs. Frederick Stevens and Lisa of Alexandria, Va. While there they made an extensive tour of Washington, D.C.

Mr. and Mrs. William Moore, formerly of Weymouth, are now at 103 Brooks Way with their 15-month-old son, Keith.